

23, Brighton Street,
Saturday afternoon, Nov. 7, 1835.

My dear Wife:

You perceive that I write in the house that we fondly expected to call our home, in which we have spent so many happy hours, but which can be our home no longer. Every thing looks, if possible, more than natural - at least, seems dearer to me than ever. The carpets - tables - chairs - sofa - looking-glasses - &c. &c. seem almost to have found a tongue, to welcome my return, and to congratulate me upon my escape out of the jaws of the lion. The clock ticks an emphatical and sonorous welcome. As for puss, she finds it a difficult matter, even with all her purring and playing, to express her joy. Then to pass to the reception which I receive at the hands of my friends: it is so kind, and sympathetic, and joyful, that one might almost covet to be mobbed, to obtain such a return. One anonymous individual has made me a present of forty-five dollars, which comes most seasonably.

I wrote to you on the evening of my arrival, at the house of my esteemed friend Southwick. That night I slept at home, in our chamber - and as you were absent, I permitted puss to occupy the outside of the bed, as a substitute. We reposed very lovingly until morning, without any alarm from mobs without, or disturbance from rats within. Mr. Knapp rose as regularly and as early to prepare breakfast, as if he were hired "help" - and, Henry completing the trio - nay, Mr. Burleigh made a fourth companion - we sat down and partook of a very comfortable entertainment.

In the course of the forenoon, Christiana came to the house, to whom I gave your letters and instructions. She remained with Mr. and Mrs. York only a few days, as they soon left the city, and had since been doing house-work for Mrs. Robinson, but had now quit, as Mrs.

To tell Mr. Gray that I perfectly like Southwick's letter, but do not see him. Write to me by Tuesday's mail.

R. was somewhat difficult to please, her cooking being complicated and laborious. Christiana was highly rejoiced to see me, and inquired after you with much affection. She has since been staying here, cleaning the house, (for it is quite dusty if not dirty,) packing up your things, providing meals for us, &c. She will stay here until the things are removed: in the mean time, I am endeavoring to find her a suitable place, for she thinks she should rather prefer to pass the winter in Boston, than to return to Providence. She says she will take your wrapper (or gown) at the price you mention, - \$12, - provided you will wait until she can earn the money. I have told her that she need not give herself any uneasiness on that score - have I done right?

Well - after breakfast on Thursday morning, I sallied out into the streets, to see and to be seen - "the observed of all observers" - peradventure. After all, I did not prove to be so great a curiosity as I had anticipated: very few stared at me, or seemed to know me, notwithstanding the previous exhibition of myself to four or five thousand "gentlemen of property and standing from all parts of the city." I went directly to the Anti-Slavery rooms, (having no printing-office that I could first visit,) and there busied myself some time in shaking hands with various friends, answering inquiries, and asking questions. In a short time, a long procession marched by the office, with a band of music in full blast, and followed by a squad of spectators; and what do you think they had with them? It was a large board, on which were drawn two figures, quite conspicuously - viz. George Thompson and a black woman. Over the head of Thompson were the words, "The Foreign Emissary" - and the black woman asking him, "When are we going to have another meeting, brother Thompson?"

It is fortunate, perhaps, that this company did not know that I was then in the Anti-Slavery office - else they might have stopped in front of it, made a demonstration of contempt, and excited another uproar. In this shameless manner they paraded through the streets until they were satisfied, and then went out of the city to make a target of Mr. T. and his sable companion. The city authorities made not the slightest attempt to interfere. As it was possible that our house might be disturbed that night, I slept at Mr. Fuller's, and last night at Mr. Southwick's; but every thing has been perfectly ^{quiet} in the city - and, although I have walked freely in all parts of Boston, yet no one has insulted me, or called for any manifestation of displeasure. Nay, many talk of putting me on the list of representatives to the Legislature, to be chosen on Monday next. There is a strong reaction already in our favor - and the news from the interior is most encouraging.

Mr. May has not yet returned to this city, but is laboring acceptably in Vermont, notwithstanding he was mobbed at Montpelier. I am ashamed to say that I have not yet seen Mrs. May - but Henry was at Miss Parker's last evening, and says she was in good health and spirits.

Mr. Thompson will probably sail for England in the course of a fortnight - but this must be kept private. Mrs. T. is going to make a visit to her sister in Baltimore, and will follow her husband in the course of a month or two. Louisa and Amelia will remain in Boston until her return from Baltimore. Margaret has now left her. Thus we are to lose our eloquent and devoted brother - but he will still labor for us in England. Heaven's choicest blessings go with him and his! It will be almost like tearing myself in twain when he departs. You will see an excellent letter from his pen in the Liberator of Saturday, accompanying my story of the riot. It will be read with interest and admiration.

I have seen the Misses Weston, and they speak of you in the kindest terms. On asking them, where I could get a room to store our furniture, they said that they occupied a large house, with scarcely any thing in it, and I might fill it if I chose. Accordingly, I shall move the things there next week, excepting such as Henry and Knapp may want to furnish their room. (By the way, they have not yet determined where to board.) The Westons will take excellent care of our goods. Hope this arrangement will please you.

Connecticut.

Brooklyn,

Mrs. Helen E. Garrison,

PAID Single - 25c.

We cannot sell our furniture hastily, now, without making a large sacrifice - and it would be blazoned over the land if it were known that we had put ^{it} them up at auction. I suppose the beds and bedding had better be sent with the rest of the articles.

Aunt Charlotte has had to leave Rev. Mr. Young's, in consequence of sickness, and is now with one of her cousins.

At the expiration of ten or twelve days, (not sooner,) I may have the exquisite delight to see you, and father and mother, and dear Anna and Sarah - till then, and always, I remain,
Yours, in the dearest ties,
Wm. Lloyd Garrison